

THE NEW YORK OPEN

THE AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

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Founded by
FRANK QUEEN, 1853.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885.

VOLUME XXXIII—No. 23.
Price 10 Cents.

WHO!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Who practiseth much and hard against the charm
Of money-getting, styling it a harm,
Yet hath for higher pay an "itching palm?"
The Parson!

Who counteth "futures" blessings in disguise,
And "corners," 'e'en in grain, scarce otherwise,
And looketh on the "margin" as a prize?
The Broker!

Who speculateth high with others' cash,
And cutteth for a time a royal dash,
Then, sudden, goeth to demotion smash?
The Cashier!

Who looketh wisely from his lofty lair,
Guesseth to-morrow's weather here and there;
Cries fair when all comes foul, and foul when fair?
The Weather Quack!

Who hath direction in our homes, and full,
In all concerns domestic hath the "pull,"
And taketh by the horns, as 'twere, the bull?
The Mother-in-law!

Who putteth on the housekeeper a head,
As 'twere, when sendeth her to bed,
For charcoal, solder and a little lead?
The Plumber!

Who of all mortals holding us in thrall,
In some way, on this ever-whirling ball,
Leteth us down the easiest of all?
The Undertaker!

FIXEM & FITEM'S WIRE FRAME

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

[From "All The Year Round,"]

CHAPTER I.

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." Perfectly true, Robert Burns. I endorse your sentiment. How often have I come to the same conclusion as I sat by my lonely fire? Here am I, Jeremiah Hawkins, as much of an enquirer as most of those so called, by my own deliberate choice a single man, and remaining single for the express purpose of avoiding the cares and worries and, above all, the endless commissions that make the lives of married men a weariness to them; here am I, persecuted, imposed on—in fact, fairly used up—not only by nieces, cousins, sisters-in-law, and other relatives, but actually, also, by those who are no blood relations at all, and yet act as if they possessed an affinity that after all, to my mind, is a very doubtful claim on one's services. I wonder now what they seem all to have called their boys after me—long vises. Some of my nieces "have outgrown their strength" (they are all quite too tall), Lily, or Jennie or one of the rest, "is so pale and washy; a little while in your splendid air would be of such use to them;" or Joe or Jim, or some of the numerous Jerrys—in my house, and I just wanted to ask this little favor from you; and so they go on, and I have not courage to resist them and bring down on myself the reproaches sure to be heaped on me, though I might not hear them.

However, what I am about to complain of is the annoyance that has come upon me by some neighbors of mine asking me to "do a little commission" for them. These people are merely neighbors, nothing more. They live a little way down the village street, but they are quite as near as I wish them to be, for, as it is, I can't pass my own doorstep without their, in some way, finding out where I am going, and if it be to town, where business takes me every now and then, no attempt that I can make to baffle them will save me from being asked "just to do a little commission."

I don't think I'll stand it again; that last commission has been enough for me. The lease of my house is nearly out. My landlord is theirs as well, and if he is going to keep Mrs. Tatletton as a tenant, why, I'll go elsewhere.

Mrs. Tatletton has three unmarried daughters, tall, powerful-looking damsels, all moderately young, and said to bear a strong resemblance to their father, the late Major Tatletton. This warrior, however, had gone the way of all the earth before I, fixing my abode in the village of Hazeldene, became acquainted with his surviving family. They must surely be good young women, these Miss Tatlettons, or their mother never could praise them as she does and she cannot have any hidden motive for extolling them to me, because, from the first time I came to Hazeldene, I have made it known in every way I could, without absolutely advertising the fact, that I am not a marrying man. However, had I wished to marry one, or all, of her daughters, I could not desire fuller information regarding them than Mrs. Tatletton has gratuitously given me. I know all their good domestic qualities, among which, I am assured, economy takes a prominent place, in proof of which their mother has more than once confided to me that "her daughters make their own dresses."

This fact, which of course is interesting to those whom it concerns, has been well established in my mind by my having on several occasions been employed to bring them from town fashion magazines or books. I should mention that "town" in Hazeldene parlance means the county town, and such is the secluded position of our village that to reach this central point one has to go nearly half a mile to a ferry, cross the river in an open boat, and then make one's way to the railway station by a ten minutes' walk through a lane. From all this it will be seen that the facilities for communication, so much boasted of as a feature of the present age, are

not yet fully developed at Hazeldene.

On returning from my usual walk, one day lately, I found awaiting me a three-cornered note, the appearance of which, even before I touched it, at once brought to me a suggestion of Mrs. Tatletton, which proved to be correct, for inside was written a request from that lady for the pleasure of my company that afternoon at five o'clock tea.

I could not well refuse, having passed their windows in perfect health an hour before, and they, knowing, as well as I did myself, that I had no occupation to hinder me from going anywhere. Mrs. Tatletton seemed sure of my acquiescence, for her note stated that an answer was not required. So when 5 o'clock was near I strolled leisurely down to their house. Being a November afternoon there was little light, save what came from the shops in the village streets which are interspersed with private houses. We are a careful people in Hazeldene, and don't light our street lamps too early.

I was apparently Mrs. Tatletton's favored guest, for there was no other, and I must certainly say in her praise that the tea she offers to a guest is both hot and strong, very different to the watery lukewarm decoction that makes five o'clock tea in some houses a snare and a delusion.

The visit passed pleasantly enough, the young ladies and their mother were very agreeable until just before I was coming away, when I was unpleasantly startled by a question from Miss Annette, the second girl. Putting her head on one side, very much as a robin does when it is watching for crumbs, she asked me in the most innocent way possible if I were likely soon to be in town. Now, I had kept it a close secret that I was going there the next day. In no possible way could the Tatlettons have known it; but I have thought since they must have remembered my taking a similar journey at the end of November in the previous year.

Feeling that I could neither conceal nor deny my present intention, but with a distinct consciousness of what was coming, I replied coolly, "that I might, perhaps, run up to-morrow."

"Oh, then," said Selina, the youngest girl, clasping her hands in a beseeching kind of way, "would you just do a little commission for us? We should all be so very much obliged. Would you now, Mr. Hawkins, just bring us a wire frame that has been waiting at Messrs. Fixem & Fitem's until some friend would kindly call for it?"

Selina is the best-looking of these young women, and the most moderate in size; her suppliant air partly subdued my rising annoyance, as once again I felt myself victimized; for seldom, if ever, from the time became acquainted with Mrs. Tatletton and her daughters had I gone to Conway, our county town, without being pressed into their service by a commission, and, as I have already intimated, if there is one thing I hate more than another it is having this sort of thing put upon me.

But what would happen in that case I did not hear for, as Mrs. Tatletton paused at the suggestion, I felt myself compelled to say something. There was, of course, an implied compliment in thus asking me to do what they insinuated that none but a friend could be trusted with; and four ladies joining in a chorus of request, not to call it entirely, would bewilder a more self-possessed man than I am. So, like a simpleton, instead of inquiring about this thing that I was to bring with such caution, and finding out what its size and nature might be, I began to utter platitudes about being very happy to do anything for them, begging them not to talk of trouble and so on, and finally took my leave amid an avalanche of thanks, which, however, went a very short way in stifling my consciousness of having been outwitted, and once more made a fool of me, and that after so positively assuring myself it never should be the case again.

Fixem & Fitem's was a millinery shop, where I had already paid several visits on behalf of the Tatletton family. On this occasion, after having discharged the business which had taken me to town, I once more made my way there, inwardly resolving that next time I was coming to Conway no ingenious device of my neighbors should find it out. Addressing the peripatetic individual who inquires into the wants of the customers, I said: "Mrs. Tatletton of Hazeldene has requested me to ask for a wire frame that she had ordered."

The man seemed acquainted with the matter, and asked where it should be sent.

"I will take it with me," I replied. "Mrs. Tatletton asked me not to lose sight of it, as it required great care."

"Oh, ah—yes, sir; but I think we had better send it for you—unless," he added, suddenly, "perhaps, sir, you have a conveyance waiting?"

"Not at all. Can't take it in my hand?"

The man shook his head.

"Well, send it to the Royal Hotel; I'll be going from that to the Great Southern Station."

"In their bus, perhaps, sir?"



MAGGIE HAROLD, SOUBRETTE.

"Yes," "Well, sir, they pass here, and if you would make them pull up we'll bring it out."

This seemed all right. I went to the hotel for luncheon, and started in the bus for the three o'clock train.

It was market-day, and we soon got very crowded. I kept my seat at the door that I might receive this wire frame, which somehow had shaped itself, to my mind, as being a little thing belonging to fancy work, as I had seen ladies doing something with colored wools on small square frames held in one hand.

"Pull up," I said to the conductor as we turned into Moon street; "pull up at Fixem & Fitem's—they have a small parcel for me."

The man rather growled at pulling up for a parcel, but the wondering shopman appeared at the door the moment we stopped, and I thrust my head and beckoned to him, telling the conductor at the same time to give the parcel to me, for however annoyed I had been at having this commission forced upon me, I nevertheless intended to take the wire frame home as carefully as if it belonged to me.

"Mrs. Tatletton of Hazeldene—that's here," and he hoisted it up on the roof.

Another man was following, carrying a stand, with a pole stuck in it.

"Here you go," said he; it went up after the other, and we moved on.

"My parcel!" I shouted to the man at the door. "Give me my parcel," whereupon, apparently by his directions, the porter pursued us until he was close enough to call out:

"Mrs. Tatletton of Hazeldene—that's here," and I had by no means recovered from my astonishment when we stopped at the station.

The day had changed, and heavy rain was falling. I went to look for a porter, and, meeting a man whom I knew, I asked him to come for "my luggage," I called it. The time was nearly up, and there was a good deal of jostling and confusion among a crowd of market people.

Davy, my porter friend, came along the platform, grinning as he ran, with the draped headless figure in his arms, and set it down beside me.

"Glad to see the missus is come home, sir," said he; "single gen'l'men has no need for the likes of these," and he ran back for the stand.

The covering that was over the thing had become partly disarranged, and I saw that my commission consisted of the safe-bringing to Hazeldene of a wire framework the full length of the tall Miss Tatlettons without their heads; being also of suitable circumference, and having attached to it an appendix, called, as I afterwards learned, a "crinoline," which consisted of an additional section of wire-work to be removed at pleasure.

The whole affair, before I had done with it, enlightened me considerably as to the intricacies of feminine attire.

The bell rang.

"Take your seats!" shouted the guard.

"Put that in!" I called to him, pointing to the draped figure as I ran down the platform.

"Aye, aye," he answered, and in the hurrying crowd I saw Davy coming with the pole, and, jumping into the carriage, we were off, and I began to wonder how I was to get this wretched thing conveyed without bruise or breakage through the muddy lane, the ferryboat boy splashing on before with my parcels, and when we got into the boat beginning steadily to bail out the rainpool at the bottom.

By the time we reached the other side I had made up my mind to slip home without letting the Tatlettons know I had come, and to go off again early next morning in search of their abominable frame, for to have them telling everyone I had lost the thing, after all the cautions they gave me, would be worse than even the trouble and vexation it was causing me.

Wet, muddy and dispirited, I reached the village, and took a back way to my own house, lest Mrs. Tatletton's prying servants might be peeping out and see me.

do, I should have taken it better, but to be led into a job like this in such a way! The irritation of it all was well up to boiling point by the time we drew near Hazeldene Station, and I gathered up my belongings to get out. What was my horror to find we were passing on without stopping. I put my head out of the window and shouted vainly for the guard, in return for which I got my eyes full of hot steam, and drew back angry and smarting to the solitude of a carriage all to myself.

Blackpool, the next station, would not be reached for forty minutes, and I should have to wait there until the next train came up, at seven o'clock. It was already beginning to get dark, and the rain was falling in one steady, unmitigated down-pour.

"Trains changed to-day, sir," was the guard's reply to my angry address as I got out on the platform at Blackpool. "Mid-day carries mail now, and makes few stoppages."

And he had passed on, and in another minute, seeing the passengers were out, began to blow his whistle.

"Stop—stop," I cried. "I haven't got all my things."

I had two hampers and some parcels, one of which I was in the act of rescuing from a man who was taking it away, instead of his own.

"This yours?" cried the guard, pitching out a hamper.

"Yes, and a wire frame—give me out the frame!" I cried, running alongside the train, which was a long one, and had begun to move.

"Nothing of the kind here!" he shouted from his van.

"Yes, there is—there is!" I vociferated.

"Send it up by the next train," cried the guard; and the quickened peep and were off.

The line here runs through a stretch of land reclaimed but lately from the sea, and the intense dreariness of the outlook, the flat, dark, and shapeless, added to the gloom around.

The station itself was a long open shed, having a small office at one end, while at the other there was a little waiting-room, with a bar, a table in the middle, and some wooden chairs round the sides. A fireless grate completed its inhospitable character, and I gladly accepted the station-master's offer of a seat at the stove in his office. Here I learned all the particulars of the changes among the trains, which came into operation on that day.

"The train you came by was late," continued my informant; "they had a good deal to make up when they left this. Denny isn't used to this line."

"Who's Denny?" I asked.

"The guard; he belongs to the upper line. I don't know how he happens to be down here."

And as he said it I remembered that the guard at the Conway Station, who told me he would put the wire frame in, was not the same man I had seen here at Blackpool, and now I understood why he did not give it out with the readiness he might have done, as in the long, closely packed van he did not know where to put his hand on it.

At length, at seven o'clock, the lights of the approaching train were seen. There was no one to get in but myself, and as the guard opened a door for me I asked eagerly if he had brought up a wire frame that the last down-train took on by mistake.

"All right, sir; I've got it," said he, shutting the door and leaving me to meditate upon how I was to get the thing conveyed from the Hazeldene Station to the village of the same name, considering the transit must include, first, a long muddy lane, and then a ferryboat and a half-hour's walk on the other side. It was now quite dark, with cloud and heavy rain falling, through which, when we got to the Hazeldene Station, their small lamp scarcely showed.

"Got all now, sir?" said the station-master, pushing in my parcels from the edge of the platform; the station did not boast a porter.

"All! No; there's a frame—a wire frame!" I was beginning to hate the very name of it.

"It is here, sir, all right," cried the guard, jumping in and whispering, and putting the last button in my waterproof, I advanced to where Evans, the station-master, lantern in hand, was inspecting some crates and other things left by the train, my hampers among them.

"Where's the wire frame?" I asked, not at first seeing it in the dim light.

"Here, sir," said Evans, "and a useful article it is," and before my indignant gaze he held up a long-shaped wire rat-trap.

"That's not it!" I shouted.

"It's all there is for it, then," said he; "that's what they left out."

"Ferryboat waiting, sir," said a boy, coming up; "father says you will come on; it's that wet, the boat's half swamped."

Angry and indignant, I stumbled on along the muddy lane, the ferryboat boy splashing on before with my parcels, and when we got into the boat beginning steadily to bail out the rainpool at the bottom.

By the time we reached the other side I had made up my mind to slip home without letting the Tatlettons know I had come, and to go off again early next morning in search of their abominable frame, for to have them telling everyone I had lost the thing, after all the cautions they gave me, would be worse than even the trouble and vexation it was causing me.

Wet, muddy and dispirited, I reached the village, and took a back way to my own house, lest Mrs. Tatletton's prying servants might be peeping out and see me.

My housekeeper, a discreet woman, by her look alone expressed the astonishment she felt when I told her to have breakfast for me early next morning, as I was obliged to go away again, and that I particularly wished her not to let anyone know I had been at home this night.

Never, during all the years she had lived with me, had the woman seen mystery in my doings until now, and it was in evident alarm that she promised obedience.

The frame must have been left behind at Conway, and I would go and bring it by the first train I could get back in.

But no. On reaching Conway the next morning I was met by protestations from the railway officials that the wire frame was not there, but had been put into the train I went by on the previous day; the guard was not to be seen, as he had gone away to get married, and had a fortnight's leave of absence; but Davy, the porter, and the other guard who had called out to me that the figure was in the van adhered to their statements, the porter being equally certain that he put in the stand. Denny, the man who had gone to be married, must have taken the frame on to Southport, where the line ended; they would telegraph there, and have it sent back at once.

Meantime, I went to Fixem & Fitem's and rated them for not having addressed the thing properly, as, had they done so, the railway people declared it could not have gone astray. Back to the station to find the telegraph ran: "Nothing of the kind here. Henry going to Scotland—address not known."

The Conway station-master kept assuring me "it would turn up; nothing was ever lost on their line; and an article so remarkable in its appearance was the least likely to go astray. He would have a few little handbills struck off and sent to all the stations along the line; it had evidently been put out at some of them—probably at the junction where two branch lines met and a number of passengers always changed carriages." Meantime, I returned to the hotel to await the issue.

CHAPTER II.

That afternoon I met on the steps of the hotel a cousin whom I had not seen in several years, Harry Sandford. I knew his regiment had returned to England some time back; but I never thought of seeing him in this part of the country, nor did he account for being there in any very lucid or rational manner.

All I could make out was that he was going to attend the hunt ball which was about to be held at Conway, and he had been spending his morning, along with some of the stewards, superintending the arrangements, a new building lately erected for public purposes being about to be used for the first time.

"You will be at the ball, of course?" he said.

But I had no such intention, and found rather a difficulty in saying why I was in Conway at all.

"My headquarters are here at present," said Harry. "Till after the ball, at any rate, but I am just off to the country for a day or two. Shall I find you here when I come back?"—a matter on which I could not myself form an opinion, and therefore put him off with an evasive answer.

Not for a trifle would I have let him know what was keeping me there, for, always an insufferable quizz, he seemed at present half bursting with fun and spirits—a very decided contrast to the boredom and worry of my sensations; but, then, Harry is a great deal younger than I am, and, probably, never had anything to do with a lady's wire frame.

The handbills were to go out that evening, and if the thing were to be found at all it would be heard of in a day or two.

The early morning post brought me an invitation to the ball, signed by Vincent Acton, one of the ball committee and stewards. I felt I must be indebted for this to Harry Sandford, for I knew no one of the name of Acton, though it was not an uncommon one in the country. In fact, circumstances, which led me to fix my abode in the remote village of Hazeldene, had made me a recluse more than half misanthropical, and I had gradually fallen out of intimacy with former associates, and was probably forgotten by them. The evening meeting with my cousin Sandford was like an unexpected glimpse into a different existence from mine, out of which all life and fun and go-aheadness had passed away, and which, I began to feel, was becoming dull and rapid under the determination to avoid all trouble and worry.

On the second morning of my stay at the Royal Hotel, I had just done breakfast, when a waiter came to tell me that "a person wished to see me."

"What kind of person?" I asked.

"We sir, I suppose a lady—leastwise, she told me to say so."

"Show her up," I said, thinking it was someone from Fixem & Fitem's, perhaps with news of the frame.

In walked a smart, perky-looking woman of about thirty, well-dressed and energetic-looking. She took the chair I offered her, and, beginning to talk rapidly, informed me she had come up from the country to see me regarding a wire-framed figure that she understood I was looking for. I eagerly assented, and she continued:

"I assure you, sir, I never was so sorry for anything as that I had the ill fortune to have anything to do with it; which, if I had known where it came from, I'd have gone without rath' than use it. Fixem & Fitem's being that vulgar a place that though I don't deny but I served a part of my time there, it's not but I found out what a vulgar place it is, and I left them; and I wouldn't give an order for my ladies there—not at all."

"But have you got the frame?" I began.

"That's what I'm saying, sir, and two rings I've had to cut off at the bottom; it has been Goliath. I think they took the measure of it, and the vulgar crinoline they had on it, just twice too big. Salvage a sample's the place to get a proper figure, but I just had to make it do."

"Make it do! but I want it for the owner. How on earth did you get it?"

"Under a mistake, sir, I assure you. Do you think I'd have Fixem's big clumsy thing? I've had to squeeze it in at the waist, and had to take the bulges out of its sides; my hands, and she pulled one of them out of her muff and looked at it, 'they're not the better yet of pulling at it, for my ladies—they are ladies, and neat and small every way, as a lady should be, and Miss Acton, she says to me: 'I must go to Conway and apologize for the mistake; and I just says to her back again, for I can make free with them, they're none of your set-up upstairs.' Miss Acton, she says, 'I think it's the gentleman should apologize to us for him letting that figure loose on the rail coming to us under a mistake.'"

"Where is it now?" I asked in exasperation; "have you brought it?"

"Law, sir, no! and the hunt ball to be next week, and me gettin' leave to order a figure; seeing the way the skirts are now, you can't give them a right set wantin' one. Ladies doesn't like to make figures of themselves, standing till you pin the trimmings on them."

"Will you tell me what you came here for?" I said, striving to keep my temper.

"Beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you at your breakfast; it was all along of Miss Acton

On the Williamsport, Pa., grounds, Aug. 11, the home-team defeated the Painted Post Club by 5 to 2, and on the 12th were in turn defeated by the visitors by 5 to 4. Aug. 15 the Williamsports went to Lock Haven and were defeated by the home-team—10 to 2.

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the left side, there is a dark, textured vertical band, likely representing the binding or the edge of the paper. The rest of the strip is a lighter, off-white color, which appears to be either blank or so heavily faded that any original text is illegible. The overall appearance is that of a scan of a physical document, possibly a book or a set of papers.

their score down. Bunting was

BY THE WHITE.
BLACK.

Diagram illustrating a chess position. The board is an 8x8 grid. The pieces are arranged as follows:

- White King: e1
- White Queen: d1
- White Rook: a1
- White Bishop: c1
- White Knight: f1
- White Pawn: d2, e2, f2, g2, h2, a2, b2, c2, d3, e3, f3, g3, h3, a4, b4, c4, d4, e4, f4, g4, h4, a5, b5, c5, d5, e5, f5, g5, h5, a6, b6, c6, d6, e6, f6, g6, h6, a7, b7, c7, d7, e7, f7, g7, h7, a8, b8, c8, d8, e8, f8, g8, h8.
- Black King: e8
- Black Queen: d8
- Black Rook: a8
- Black Bishop: c8
- Black Knight: f8
- Black Pawn: d7, e7, f7, g7, h7, a7, b7, c7, d6, e6, f6, g6, h6, a6, b6, c6, d5, e5, f5, g5, h5, a5, b5, c5, d4, e4, f4, g4, h4, a4, b4, c4, d3, e3, f3, g3, h3, a3, b3, c3, d2, e2, f2, g2, h2, a2, b2, c2, d1, e1, f1, g1, h1.

Game No. 1,406.			
A good specimen of the chief winner's elegant style!			
C. A. Loomis— <i>White</i>		RUY LOPEZ KTS GAME.	
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P to K4	R. Loman.	1. White.	R. Loman.
2. P to K-R3	P to K4	17. Q to K-R3	Q to K-R3
3. K to R3	Q to R3	18. Q-Kt-K3	Q-Kt-K3
4. K to R4	R to R3	19. K to R3	K to R3
5. P-Q3	K to R3	20. Kt-R5	Kt-R5
6. K to R4	K-B-B4 (d)	21. Q-R4	Q-R4
7. Q-K2	Q-K2	22. Kt-Q3	Kt-Q3
8. K-B2	P-Q4	23. K-Kt-Q3	K-Kt-Q3
9. Q-K2	Castles	24. K to K	Q-hier R4
10. Q to K3	Q to R3	25. Q to K	Q to K
11. P-K3	Q-R2	26. Q-Kt-Q3	Q-Kt-Q3
12. P-K4	Q-Q3	27. Q-Kt-Q3	Q-hier R4
13. P-K4	Q-Q3	28. K to R3	K to R3
14. K-Kt-P (c)	R-P-Kt	29. K-Kt-Q3	Q-R5
15. P-K3	R-K2	30. K-Q2	Q-R5
16. P-K-Q3	K-R2	31. Q-Kt-Q3	Q-R5

piece in the diagonal of the adverse Bishop.

(c) Seems perfectly sound. We find that, under the most favourable circumstances, Black might barely equalize the game.

(d) Plausible, as the advance of adverse Q P would be very dangerous; besides, it shuts out the R. We have tried 15. Q R to K sq. or Q 2; followed by Q home and K B to K 2—but it proves unsatisfactory.

(e) Whatever might happen afterwards, Black should have taken this Kt: examine it.

WHITE (Mr. Gunsberg).

BLACK (Mr. Loman).
 Move made—20. K to Kt 1.

(7) Quite sufficient to win, else 26. Q to K 3 might be tried; after this Black's game is hopeless. Mr. Gunsberg played the game with consummate skill.

Prize Brilliant.
 The prize of \$5, offered for the most brilliant game.

[illegible]

"Hunt assured us that he has already \$1,200 pledged for the summer, and much he needed in regard to Mr. Frere proposes that the match be played in three sections, to wit: the first in the rooms of the Manhattan C. C.; the second in those of the Baltimore Chess Association; and the closing at the New Orleans Chess, Checker and Whist Club—the three organizations having made favorable overtures to him as the battle-ground. Lastly, Herr Steinitz has now distinctly acknowledged himself beyond the "literary arena" and placed himself at the disposal of the chess matters stand in their respective hands. So far, so good. A substantial degree of progress has been made.

CHECKERS.

ALEXANDER DRYDALE, one of Scotland's experts, died at Leith, July 19.

* * *

OUR draught editor has had his vacation marred by a severe attack of malaria. His "shaken" is to be feared, and experts soon to rid himself of it once more.

* * *

Game No. 33, Vol. 33.

Played between Messrs. Woodhouse and Bestle, 2 London, Eng.—(*Glasgow Herald*).

WHILTER ¹			
Black. Woodhouse.	White. Beattie.	Black. Woodhouse.	White. Beattie.
1. 11 to 15	23 to 19	14. 10 to 15	19 to 10
2. 11 to 15	22 to 18(b)	6. 6 to 15	13 to 6
3. 11 to 15	22 to 18	7. 6 to 15	13 to 6
4. 11 to 15	22 to 18	8. 6 to 15	13 to 6
5. 11 to 15	22 to 18	9. 6 to 15	13 to 6
6. 11 to 15	22 to 18	10. 6 to 15	13 to 6
7. 11 to 15	22 to 18	11. 6 to 15	13 to 6
8. 11 to 15	22 to 18	12. 6 to 15	13 to 6
9. 11 to 15	22 to 18	13. 6 to 15	13 to 6
10. 11 to 15	22 to 18	14. 6 to 15	13 to 6
11. 11 to 15	22 to 18	15. 6 to 15	13 to 6
12. 11 to 15	22 to 18	16. 6 to 15	13 to 6
13. 11 to 15	22 to 18	17. 6 to 15	13 to 6
14. 11 to 15	22 to 18	18. 6 to 15	13 to 6
15. 11 to 15	22 to 18	19. 6 to 15	13 to 6
16. 11 to 15	22 to 18	20. 6 to 15	13 to 6
17. 11 to 15	22 to 18	21. 6 to 15	13 to 6
18. 11 to 15	22 to 18	22. 6 to 15	13 to 6
19. 11 to 15	22 to 18	23. 6 to 15	13 to 6
20. 11 to 15	22 to 18	24. 6 to 15	13 to 6
21. 11 to 15	22 to 18	25. 6 to 15	13 to 6
22. 11 to 15	22 to 18	26. 6 to 15	13 to 6
23. 11 to 15	22 to 18	27. 6 to 15	13 to 6
24. 11 to 15	22 to 18	28. 6 to 15	13 to 6
25. 11 to 15	22 to 18	29. 6 to 15	13 to 6
26. 11 to 15	22 to 18	30. 6 to 15	13 to 6
27. 11 to 15	22 to 18	31. 6 to 15	13 to 6
28. 11 to 15	22 to 18	32. 6 to 15	13 to 6
29. 11 to 15	22 to 18	33. 6 to 15	13 to 6
30. 11 to 15	22 to 18	34. 6 to 15	13 to 6
31. 11 to 15	22 to 18	35. 6 to 15	13 to 6
32. 11 to 15	22 to 18	36. 6 to 15	13 to 6
33. 11 to 15	22 to 18	37. 6 to 15	13 to 6
34. 11 to 15	22 to 18	38. 6 to 15	13 to 6
35. 11 to 15	22 to 18	39. 6 to 15	13 to 6
36. 11 to 15	22 to 18	40. 6 to 15	13 to 6
37. 11 to 15	22 to 18	41. 6 to 15	13 to 6
38. 11 to 15	22 to 18	42. 6 to 15	13 to 6
39. 11 to 15	22 to 18	43. 6 to 15	13 to 6
40. 11 to 15	22 to 18	44. 6 to 15	13 to 6
41. 11 to 15	22 to 18	45. 6 to 15	13 to 6
42. 11 to 15	22 to 18	46. 6 to 15	13 to 6
43. 11 to 15	22 to 18	47. 6 to 15	13 to 6
44. 11 to 15	22 to 18	48. 6 to 15	13 to 6
45. 11 to 15	22 to 18	49. 6 to 15	13 to 6
46. 11 to 15	22 to 18	50. 6 to 15	13 to 6
47. 11 to 15	22 to 18	51. 6 to 15	13 to 6
48. 11 to 15	22 to 18	52. 6 to 15	13 to 6
49. 11 to 15	22 to 18	53. 6 to 15	13 to 6
50. 11 to 15	22 to 18	54. 6 to 15	13 to 6
51. 11 to 15	22 to 18	55. 6 to 15	13 to 6
52. 11 to 15	22 to 18	56. 6 to 15	13 to 6
53. 11 to 15	22 to 18	57. 6 to 15	13 to 6
54. 11 to 15	22 to 18	58. 6 to 15	13 to 6
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56. 11 to 15	22 to 18	60. 6 to 15	13 to 6
57. 11 to 15	22 to 18	61. 6 to 15	13 to 6
58. 11 to 15	22 to 18	62. 6 to 15	13 to 6
59. 11 to 15	22 to 18	63. 6 to 15	13 to 6
60. 11 to 15	22 to 18	64. 6 to 15	13 to 6
61. 11 to 15	22 to 18	65. 6 to 15	13 to 6
62. 11 to 15	22 to 18	66. 6 to 15	13 to 6
63. 11 to 15	22 to 18	67. 6 to 15	13 to 6
64. 11 to 15	22 to 18	68. 6 to 15	13 to 6
65. 11 to 15	22 to 18	69. 6 to 15	13 to 6
66. 11 to 15	22 to 18	70. 6 to 15	

ing & draw.

2) This is cleverly played; Mr. W. finishes in good style

Solution of Position No. 22, Vol. 33.

BY J. S. DENNING.

White.	Black.	White	Black.
17 to 14	10 to 17	4. 11 to 5	4 to 11
9 6	2 9	5. 7 5	White wins
20 24	28 19		

Position No. 23, Vol. 33.

BY D. G. LEWIS.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to move and win.

Will rent or share. First-class troupes solicited; other need apply. Address L. BRILL JR. & CO., agents, L. Box 201.

2 AMERICANS IN PARIS CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD, FERGUSON AND MACK

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THE GREATEST HIT EVER KNOWN IN PARIS, FRANCE.
FERGUSON AND MACK

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FERGUSON AND MACK
Opened at the Jardin de Paris, Paris, France, June 22, '95, for one month, and made such a hit that they were re-engaged for the first night for the entire summer. This is the finest place of amusement in Paris. Read the following:
LE SOIR, FRIDAY, JULY 10, '95.—Last evening Mr. Zidler of the Jardin de Paris presented to the public in open air two American comedians of a completely new and novel style. Nothing more amusing than

FERGUSON AND MACK.
Two grotesque companions dressed as countrymen who look like fat hotel-proprietors, and who are at the same time acrobats of rare agility, and they certainly do the funniest and best knockabout act ever presented to a Paris audience. LE SOIR, DE PARIS, JULY 29, '95.—Last night we laughed heartily at the two Americans, FERGUSON AND MACK, who, owing to their exhaustion, had to beg the large audience at the Jardin de Paris to let them off. FERGUSON AND MACK are two artists of really extraordinary merit. Nothing can give an idea of the originality of these two artists and their business as they appear on the stage nightly there. Buffonery, agility and jokes keep the audience in one continuous round of applause and laughter. Should Messrs. FERGUSON AND MACK ever return to Paris they can count on a hearty welcome from the Parisian public. These artists are engaged in Glasgow at a salary of five thousand francs per month. Will shortly open at Theatre der Reichshallen, Berlin, Germany. We are open for offers from first-class minstrel companies or leading combinations. This is the greatest and most exciting first-class minstrel act in the business. All letters to our permanent address.
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JACOB LITT Proprietor and Manager | WM. F. GORE Business-manager

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PALACE MUSEUM OF THE WEST.

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SEASON COMMENCES SATURDAY, AUG. 29.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SEASON OPENS SEPT. 14.

OPEN DATES AFTER THE FIRST WEEK.

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C. A. BRADENBURGH, Sole Manager, Museum, Philadelphia.

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THIRD SEASON WITH THE GREAT BARNUM AND LONDON SHOWS.

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BARNUM, BAILEY & HUTCHINSON.

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FROM CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, Aug. 4: "One of the best specialty acts on the bill at the Vine Street Opera-house is that of the Harts—Miss Katie and Miss Gussie. It includes songs and dances and witty dialogues, minus a chestnut flavor, and is one of the best and most taking turns of the kind we have seen for some time."

CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, Aug. 9: "The Harts, who have played a successful engagement in this city, are little ladies who are a credit to their profession, both artistically and socially."

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MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATSON'S OPERA-COMIQUE CO.,
AND
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Must be good looking and attractive. Good salaries. From 20 to 30 weeks' engagement. ALSO A FIRST-CLASS CLARINETTIST, who can play Horn and Silver Laces, Fringes, Spanglers, Armors, Lottes, Embroideries, Jewels, Jewelry, Armor, Clogs, Song-and-dance Shoes, Wigs, Hats, Tights, Lotards, Silk Hosiery, Paddings, etc. Everything necessary in materials for Theatre, Circus, Gymnasium, Church, Military and Costumers' use. Catalogues and Samples sent on application.

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CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
Proprietor Duprez & Benedict's Minstrel, Washington Hotel, Lowell, Mass.
Cut this card out for future reference.

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